

Escaping my Mental Cell by Peter L Green

Chorus

Locked in a prison cell trying to break free

Wanting a sense of normality

Escaping the cell

Gives me a sense of feeling well

Knowing it won't take much before I'm back in the cell

Through frustration I'm picking away
touching a nerve each moment of the day

Scars on the skin

Seeing it heal shows another win

Grasping hands and pulling hard

Hands of hair patches are marred

Seeing the hair in my hand

The face in the mirror I cannot stand

Chorus

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Escaping the cell

Gives me a sense of feeling well

Knowing it won't take much before I'm back in the cell

Noise and bustle gets under my skin

My mind encloses and I just cannot win

Looking to hide and shelter

My hands and head begin to swelter

Climbing the heights step after step

Its not the view I came here for

Looking down waiting to fall

One step forward or not its my call

Chorus

Locked in a prison cell trying to break free

Wanting a sense of normality

Escaping the cell

Gives me a sense of feeling well

Knowing it won't take much before I'm back in the cell

Losing my way and getting lost

Friends turning their back is the cost

Stigmas are rife and understood

I just need a listening ear
Seeing no end to frustrations in life
Trauma and strife
Trauma and strife
Don't let this end a life

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